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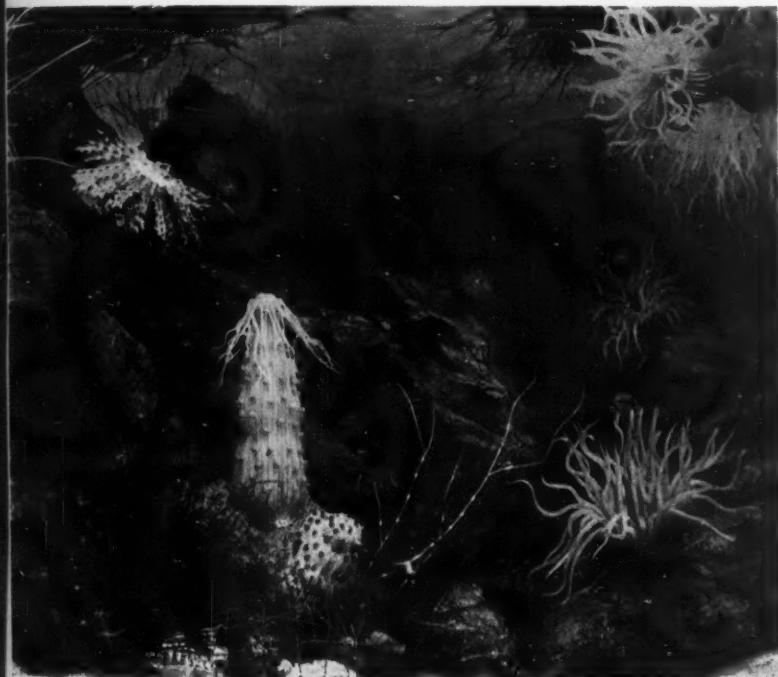
CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME IX PITTSBURGH, PA., DECEMBER 1935 NUMBER 8



SEA ANEMONES

ANIMAL MODELS BY FRANK LONG

SETTING AND BACKGROUND BY OTTMAR F. VON FUEHRER

HALL OF RECENT INVERTEBRATES, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

(See Page 210)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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MARSHALL BIDWELL HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

VOLUME IX NUMBER 8
DECEMBER 1935

A jewel in a ten-times-barred up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done.

—KING RICHARD II

•••

HOURS OF ADMISSION—ALWAYS FREE

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Sunday from 2 to 6 P.M.

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

•••

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, CAPTAIN MUSICK!

Just when we all begin to think that some daring action has marked the end of mechanical achievement and that life must now perform adjust itself to a humdrum existence, a new audacity is sure to strike upon the attention of the world and overcome us with admiration and amazement. Such an episode was the recent flight of Captain Edwin C. Musick from San Francisco to Manila and back in the great flying ship "China Clipper" with stops at Honolulu, Midway, Wake, and Guam. Captain Musick is described as the most undramatic of men—outwardly stolid and unemotional—but the derring-do of such an incident can come only from a spirit that flames inwardly with courage and adventure. After a preparation of four years, the "China Clipper," the largest airship ever built in the United States, took off from the bay at San Francisco, and with her indomitable pilot at the controls made her great flights in safety and on schedule time. Other airships are being built to cross the Atlantic by way of Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland, and to cruise to South America. But Captain Musick has shown how to do it, the pioneer expedition has been made, and it is left to others to follow after his example—easy, always, when the dangers of the first exploration have been conquered.

THEY DID SPARE A MAGAZINE

There was a gratifying response to the Magazine's recent distress call for the October, 1934, number, some coming from as far away as California and one from abroad. It was intended to make personal acknowledgment of each one, but with the receipt of almost a hundred copies we have been forced to resort to one collective thank you through these pages to those kind friends who were willing to part with them. The files are now in a much happier state of completeness.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS MUSIC

DECEMBER 28

Dr. Bidwell will be assisted in his regular Saturday evening organ recital by the Lincoln Cathedral Choir, famous a-cappella chorus of eighty voices from the University of Nebraska, under the direction of John L. Rosborough. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE

Nothing seems too abstract or highly specialized for the Americans to want to have explained. Millikan's researches go on the front page; the latest paleontographical pictures are in the Sunday rotogravures. . . . This people want to know—everything; and in the only possible manner of such an enterprise, easily, simply, preferably by pictures. I hope they will never be snubbed or scared out of it.

—WILLIAM BOLITHO

TWIN ISLANDS: AN ARCTIC OUTPOST

BY MARGARET T. DOUTT

[Sometimes a zoologist's wife is accepted on an exploring trip, and more often than not she makes herself useful; but it is the exception when a woman is purposefully chosen as an integral part of an expedition. Thus no mere chance made Dr. Doutt a member of the 1935 expedition to the North. Because of her qualifications as a botanist she was selected to make a survey of the Twin Islands flora; because of her wide field experience she was assigned the all-important task of supervision of the commissary. She has worked with her husband, J. K. Doutt, mammalogist of the Carnegie Museum, in many of the Western States as well as in Pennsylvania. In addition to assisting in trapping and skinning, she has collected plants in the regions studied. Her collections are preserved in the Carnegie Museum Herbarium. At present Dr. Doutt is instructor in biology at the Pennsylvania College for Women.]

ALMOST in the center of James Bay two small islands not more than six miles in length have been rising slowly century by century above the surface of the sea. Boulder-strewn tide flats formerly under water have already reached heights of two hundred feet. These islands are so much alike and lie so close together that they are known as the Twins—the North Twin and the South Twin. A few white men, sailors for the most part, and the occasional Eskimo have visited the islands to investigate the shore line or to camp for a day or two on the windswept barren wastes; but they are too small and too far from the mainland to be inviting even to a native.

In the early 1900s W. E. Clyde Todd, Curator of Ornithology at the Carnegie Museum, began a special study of the bird life of the Labrador peninsula and its adjacent islands. This peninsula is that large triangular stretch of land lying between Hudson Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, an area in length equal to the distance separating Maine from South Carolina and in width equal to the distance between New York and



W. E. CLYDE TODD
Sponsor of the Expedition

Iowa. In all this vast region there is not a single highway and less than two hundred miles of railroad; today it is as much a wilderness as it was in 1670 when the Hudson's Bay Company first established a fur-trading post at Rupert House on the southern shore of James Bay. In spite of the fact that this pioneering company has had an uninterrupted history there ever since, the country is as desolate as it was when Henry Hudson was put adrift along its lonely shore.

Into this grim region—so unalluring to man but so attractive to wild life—Mr. Todd has led twelve expeditions for the Carnegie Museum in a survey of the birds there until he has amassed material and data that are unique in extent and in quality. In the course of these visits he had learned that, although the Twin Islands lie in the latitude of the Hudsonian zone, polar bears make their dens there and the vegetation resembles that in the Arctic zone farther to the north. Unable to go in person to attack this new problem, he organized and sponsored an expedition this past summer which had for its main

object the investigation of the plant and animal life of these offshore islands and the determination of their zonal affinities. The party consisted of R. L. Fricke, who collected the birds; J. K. Doult, who studied the mammals; and the author as botanist and cook.

Late in the evening of June 19 we arrived at Moosonee, the end of the railroad and the southern tip of James Bay. Three years earlier we could have reached Moosonee only by canoe after a week of paddling and portaging down the swift Abitibi River—as Mr. Todd had always been obliged to do. Today, however, due to the great development of mining interests the distance from Cochrane is traversed by rail in less than twelve

hours. We planned to stay a day or two at Moose Factory in order to launch our 19-foot canoe and to purchase food supplies of bacon, flour, sugar, and beans to last us through the summer. Innumerable delays developed, however, and our temporary camp on Hays Island took on signs of permanence. We first began exploring our own island, then those near by and the spruce muskeg [swamp] of the mainland. Spring moved along. The trilling of



THE AUTHOR IN A KAYAK

... made of "netchek" (sealskin), loaded behind with the morning's catch of small fish. These Eskimo canoes are very seaworthy.

the toads and the melodious mating song of the white-throated sparrow became less pronounced. The yellow lady's-slippers gave way to tall white anemones, and these in turn to the pinks of opening rose buds. A month passed before the "Churchill" arrived



CAMP ON THE TWIN ISLANDS

... with the treeless tundra swept by the unhampered wind, which played a constant tattoo on the flapping tents, sifted sand into skillets and pots, and cut through winter clothes.



PUDDLES, PONDS, AND LAKES DOT THE TWINS

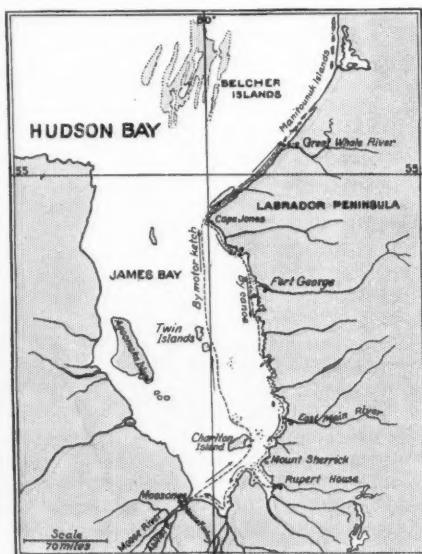
...bordered by swampy stretches of sedges, grasses, and low shrubby willows. Here hundreds of ducks and geese find ideal nesting sites where food and shelter are abundant.

on July 19 to carry us to our final objective—the Twin Islands.

The "Fort Churchill" is a fifty-ton freighter known as a motor ketch, equipped with sails and a Diesel engine so antiquated that none but Cagney, the chief engineer, could keep her in operation. In fair weather she is capable of seven knots an hour, and in foul weather she is best at anchor. Skipper Nielson, like the chief, knows his boat. When dirty weather and dangerous shoals unite to make sailing hazardous, he heads for the nearest anchorage, which may be nothing more than a heap of rocks high enough to break the wind and the waves. In that

sea where the compass may point from fifteen to twenty-five degrees west of north, and where changing tides and strange currents may alter his seven knots to two or to twelve, he sails "by guess and by gosh, and mostly by gosh." The rest of the crew consists of Cree Indians and half-breeds who know only enough about sailing to manipulate the anchor winch and to tie the boat to dock.

Toward dusk the next evening our boat anchored in Flower Cove at the Twin Islands, our home for the next three weeks. As a snapshot catches and records a single instant of a summer afternoon, so by our studies we were able to record an instant



ROUTE OF THE 1935 EXPEDITION



PREPARING SPECIMENS IN THE FIELD

. . . inside the work tent Mr. Dourt (foreground) is skinning a red squirrel. Mr. Fricke is wrapping a white-throated sparrow.

in the life of the islands. For many ages innumerable birds, in company with polar bears and arctic foxes, have found these islands a haven. Change here has been constant but so infinitesimal that they are much as they were a thousand years ago, and so they will remain a thousand years hence if left unmolested by man. Series of terraces lead up to the old beach cliffs two hundred feet high and now a mile or more from shore; these form semicircular hills where the bears dig their shallow dens and the foxes their burrows. Walking on the islands is slow and difficult—at every step one's foot is buried to the ankle in spongy heather and lichens, or sinks to the knee in the swampy margin of some little lake. Progress in any one direction can never continue more than a few hundred yards until it is blocked by a pond. Looking down from some vantage point one gets the impression of a crazy quilt of silver water and green splotches. The tundra vegetation of prostrate heaths and gray-green lichens is splashed with magenta fireweed, the clear reds of the

arctic bearberry, yellow saxifrages, and black-fruited crowberry. Scattered clumps of gnarled spruces not more than twelve feet high dot the distances. These low trees, only six inches in diameter yet a century and a half old, form protected shelters for birds and for delicate herbs that grow nowhere else on the islands. Over the beaches, close to the water, trail yellow five-fingers, tiny blue gentians, and wild strawberries.

In this arctic flower garden the lemming, like the arctic fox and rabbit, passes through cycles of scarcity and abundance. Some years these little mouselike mammals scurry out from every bush and rock pile; in another season the most diligent search will fail to disclose a single one. So it was this year. Not a lemming, not a rabbit could be found on the entire island; foxes and polar bears alone seemed to survive. The presence of birds beyond number was in striking contrast. We counted Canada geese by the hundreds. Ducks, especially the black, the eider, and the teal, abounded, as well as many species of shore birds. Sparrows, horned larks, red polls, and pipits flew up from the tundra wherever we tramped.

A cold piercing wind from the North swept the islands almost without ceasing, making winter clothes comfortable even in mid-July. For fuel we depended upon the driftwood that had been washed on the beach from the distant mainland. On the few occasions when a lull came in the wind's relentless force, myriads of mosquitoes descended from nowhere, making it almost impossible to cook and eat outside the tents. Nevertheless, when the "Churchill" with labored chug stopped to pick us up on August 5, we reluctantly boarded her for Great Whale River, where she calls but once a year to leave supplies and to load a cargo of fur.

Three days later we pitched camp five miles above the mouth of the Great Whale at the first falls and began our study of the plants and animals occurring inland from the coast. Here the water gushes and boils through a nar-

row gorge eight hundred feet below the granite knobs which form the summits of the hills. This point on the east coast of Hudson Bay is considerably north of the Twin Islands, but due to the shielding nature of the mainland true arctic forms are not present. Near the river's edge spruce, tamarack, and willow trees attain heights of ten to thirty feet and form a luxuriant growth, but high above the granite knobs are bald. Icy arctic winds freeze and cut the vegetation to twisted and stunted miniatures. The rocks are covered with flat lichens which, when dry, crunch underfoot, and when wet, skid off in patches like slippery snow. In the more protected crevices such purely boreal plants as the crowberry, bearberry, and arctic willow persist. Certainly at this camp there is a mingling of plants of the Arctic and Hudsonian zones. Equally significant is the fact that this river marks the southern limit of the arctic hare and the Eskimo, who seldom

wanders farther south. On the other hand, the Indians are never found north of Great Whale River. After a week of collecting we returned to the Hudson's Bay post, where we added a supply of salt pork and flour to our depleted grub. There also we engaged an Indian to pilot our canoe down the 450 miles of unfamiliar coast to Moosonee.

Once again we were impressed by our utter subservience to the whims of the weather. It was now nearing the end of August, and storms and rough water delayed us almost a week. But the time was not lost, for we continued our collecting and fraternized with our Eskimo neighbors, who taught us a little of their language and their way of living. Finally a break came, and we were able to begin the first lap of the homeward stretch down the coast on August 23. The waves broke over the bow of the canoe, bathing us in a constant spray of cold salt water. Salt crystals formed in the corners of our eyes and about our ears. It was difficult to keep our specimens and equipment dry, and frequent bailing of the canoe was necessary. Five days of such precarious sailing were spent in covering the 175 miles to Fort George. Much of this time we wasted in waiting, for traveling was practicable only a few hours each day before strong winds and squalls would compel us to seek a sheltered harbor to boil the kettle and hope impatiently for a calmer sea.

Along the coast low hills of solid granite rise steeply out of the sea. Ice and waves grind and polish the surface until the intricate designs of pink and yellow stand out sharply against the darker bands of brown and black. Beyond the scouring action of the waves, the bare rock surfaces are covered with lichens. No trees grow within a mile or two of the shore, but wherever there is sufficient soil, the low plants form a dense turf. This vegetation furnishes food and hiding places for meadow mice and lemmings, which in turn are food for weasels, foxes, and snowy owls. The countless small islands along the coast



THE MIRROR LAKE ON MOUNT SHERICK
... a landmark of the east coast for dogteam drivers in winter and canoeists in summer.

are ideal nesting grounds for gulls, terns, shore birds, and ptarmigans. As we paddled past we saw thousands of ducks and geese feeding and resting before continuing their southward migration.

As we advanced down the coast, rocky hills became lower and lower, and the line of trees crept nearer the shore. By the time we reached Cape Hope, they were growing at the water's edge. At the southern end of James Bay the hills disappear into stretches of muskeg, and the whole country is so level that at low tide mud flats extend five or six miles out from shore. Small boats which must travel within this area to keep out of the storm's path frequently are stranded by the falling tide and are thus marooned on the mud until

the morning tide releases them. Travelers familiar with this coast carry firewood in anticipation of the inevitable waits. We spent four days in crossing these shoals on the last leg of the trip—a delay that almost resulted in our missing the biweekly train to Cochrane.

The result of the summer's work is a collection of 250 birds, 500 mammals, 1,500 plants, and many photographs. These specimens add materially to the already unrivaled collection from arctic and subarctic America now in the Carnegie Museum. The scientific information obtained has conclusively verified the fact, previously suspected by Mr. Todd, that the Twin Islands are the most southern outpost of the Arctic zone in eastern North America.

PATRONS ART FUND PURCHASE

THROUGH the Patrons Art Fund the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute has been enriched by the acquisition of "Morning on the Cape" by Leon Kroll, which was in the 1935 International. This makes the thirty-fourth picture that has been added to the collection since the inauguration of the Fund in 1922. It is a notable list, including "Young Women Picking Fruit" by Mary Cassatt, "Anne in White" by George Bellows, "The Poet, Roy Campbell" by Augustus John, "Still Life" by André Derain, "Portrait of Boy" by John Singer Sargent, and "Babette" by Eugene Speicher.

The painting by Leon Kroll, which will now take its place in the Patrons Art Fund collection, was acclaimed an outstanding canvas in the 1935 International. It was praised by virtually all the critics and it was greatly admired by the visitors.

Leon Kroll has a happy and extraordinary facility for placing figures in landscape. In "Morning on the Cape" the ensemble is very effective. He planned the picture on a grand scale, and carried out his conception with

easy simplicity and largeness of vision. Life, animate and inanimate, to Leon Kroll, is full, abundant, and generous, and he so spreads it out in his canvas. The painting is well-organized, rich in color, and developed in a great tradition.

Guillaume Lerolle's description in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for November was so appropriate that it is worthy of repetition:

"This is a landscape, formed of a succession of planes, some field, some hills, and the sea in the background. The sea is shown on two planes prolonged by a beautiful sky in order to give a feeling of immensity. The hills, the houses, even the field are there in all their blackness and their solidity to increase the fluidity of the luminous sky. The two female figures, each in a simple pose, give the philosophical explanation of the picture; one as reflective adolescence takes in the bright beauty of the morning; the other as part of the landscape and part of the tree and the field, participates in the fecund life of the earth and links it with her own humanity. We do not see Leon Kroll projecting himself into the scene. His



MORNING ON THE CAPE BY LEON KROLL

personality is behind the picture. He, and nobody else, thought out the subject of that painting and rendered it in a way that makes it understandable to all. . . . Within limits, this Leon Kroll picture is the one in the exhibition that is nearest to the tradition set by the old masters."

Leon Kroll was born in New York in 1884. He studied at the Art Students League and the National Academy of Design in New York, and under Jean Paul Laurens in France. He has won practically all the important awards offered by museums in this country, and he is represented in many American galleries and private collections. He was made an associate of the National Academy in 1920 and a national academician in 1927. He has contributed to Carnegie Internationals since 1913 and was awarded an honorable mention in 1929. In May of last year the Carnegie Institute presented a special exhibition of thirty-seven of his paintings. Leon Kroll was commissioned recently by the United States Government to paint a mural in the Department of Justice Building in Washington.

The Patrons Art Fund, through which the Kroll painting has been acquired,

was first instituted thirteen years ago when the late Willis F. McCook offered to give \$10,000 in ten annual installments for the purchase of paintings for the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute, provided that nine other art patrons were found who would match his gift. These conditions were not only met very shortly but exceeded when fourteen subscribers pledged duplicate sums. The list now numbers twenty-one and includes the following names: Mrs. Edward Houston Bindley; Paul Block; *George W. Crawford; B. G. Follansbee; Mrs. William N. Frew, in memory of William N. Frew; Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Mabel Lindsay Gillespie, in memory of David Lindsay Gillespie; Howard Heinz; *Mary L. Jackson, in memory of her brother John Beard Jackson; *George Lauder; *Albert C. Lehman; *Willis F. McCook; Andrew W. Mellon; *Richard B. Mellon; William Larimer Mellon; F. F. Nicola; Mrs. John L. Porter; Mrs. Henry R. Rea; William H. Robinson; Ernest T. Weir; Emil Winter; *Mrs. Joseph R. Woodwell and Mrs. James D. Hailman, in memory of Joseph R. Woodwell.

J. O'C. JR.

*Deceased.

ALBERT C. LEHMAN—ART PATRON

By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute



in Pittsburgh, so Mr. Church suggested that I ask your advice."

The man was Albert C. Lehman, a man whom I learned to regard with increasing affection and admiration as the next six years sped by. Ready financial assistance and generous gifts in the way of pictures had fallen to the lot of the Institute long before my day. A desire to back such help with individual effort, however, proved an illuminating novelty that afternoon, in the midst of my eighth winter in Pittsburgh. Here was the first time any such offer of personal interest had been tendered in support of Andrew Carnegie's generosity.

Thereafter many conferences concerned themselves with just how Mr. Lehman's enthusiasm could best be applied to the problem which he had set himself; until eventually we all decided that this "something for art" should be applied to the International, which on twenty-seven occasions had offered a major reason for the existence of the Department of Fine Arts.

Probably Mr. Lehman never read a sentence by Andrew Carnegie which I for one would place above our doors:

Let us hope that the pictures exhibited here from time to time will be of all schools, and reach both extremes—the highest critic and the humblest citizen.

ONE December afternoon in 1928 there entered my office a blond and kindly gentleman somewhat of my age whom I had never met. Said the stranger to me: "I thought it might be interesting to do

something for art in Pittsburgh, so Mr. Church suggested that I ask your advice."

Yet Mr. Lehman, understanding the aims set forth in those words, sought to abet the eclectic cause they implied. Among the reasons which through the years have caused contemporary artists to send chosen works to our annual exhibition have been the desire to win the acclaim which follows the Carnegie prizes and the hope of the sale of paintings to purchasers of the first order. Unfortunately purchases from museum exhibitions are never numerous, and the prizes offered by the Institute are perforce hedged with restrictions. The paintings must not be more than five years old. Paintings must be submitted by the artists themselves. An artist who has received a prize can never receive that prize again.

So Mr. Lehman decided that he might donate an award not only free from re-



WILLIAM FREDERICK
SECOND DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
By SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY
The Albert C. Lehman Collection

strictions but coupled with a purchase fund that would assure the sale of the painting. He announced an unrestricted prize of \$2,000 for the best purchasable painting in each annual exhibition. He agreed to purchase the picture at its list price up to the amount of \$10,000. These awards, inaugurated in 1929, continued until that sad year of 1933 when Mr. Lehman called me aside.

"Will it be noticed if I stop my prize?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "but understood."

"I'm afraid I must give it up," he went on. "I have hospitals, you know. But bye and bye we will recommence when the good days come again."

The first picture which fell to Mr. Lehman's lot as the result of his beneficence was "The Studio" by Felice Carena. Never for a moment did there exist a question in the minds of the jury of award as to the qualities of this work which held leadership in the 1929 International. Consequently, when Segonzac of France, Forbes of England, Jarocki of Poland, and Hopkinson, Kroll, and Sterne of our land had finished their deliberations late one afternoon and we had walked over to Mr. Lehman's apartment, our host nudged me into a corner to learn his fate.

"Your painting is by Carena," said I. "He is the leader of contemporary Italian art. It is the best result Carena ever produced, of an age-old subject seen with latter-day vision. The canvas is all of five feet high and ten feet long."

Mr. Lehman looked at the walls behind the chattering guests in his apartment, blinked in amused bewilderment, and chuckled:

"I fancy you will have to hang the painting in your permanent collection."

We did.

Some months later I told this story to Carena in his studio in the art school in Florence. Then it was Carena's turn to smile; and smiling he brought forth three flower pictures, paintings of a size and quality that could well go in any private room.

"Perhaps your art patron might like



L'ADYS

BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT
The Albert C. Lehman Collection

one of these, as my gift," he suggested.

"Lehman will reach Florence soon," I answered. "Why not let him do the picking?"

This tale of artist and man-of-means is dear to my plea that more than anything else art needs an increasingly intimate relationship between painter and layman.

Once upon a time, if my misty memory serves me right, a tale was told of when Titian, painting before King Charles V of Spain, dropped his brush. The monarch picked it up and, handing it back to the artist, remarked, "To wait on Titian is a service for an emperor."

There are no more Titians. There are no more kings in Spain. Indeed even my latter-day situation is the reverse of this legend. Yet Lehman and Carena expressed in their relationship those century-old feelings, the love of visual esthetics, the sense of courteous humanity, and the mutual respect between craftsman and patron.

Such feelings are needed in our year of confusion, 1935, when so many painters roll aggressively down one side of our



THE WEAVER'S COTTAGE

BY VALERIUS DE SAEDLEER

The Albert C. Lehman Collection

artistic highway with a chip on one shoulder, and so many art patrons strut up the other side of the same road with a chip on the other shoulder.

Only for three years in all did the Lehman prize continue. Yet when each fall I told him he had acquired his painting by Brook, or Watkins, his cheerful eclecticism brought forth a nod of cordial approval, bound to win the heart of any museum director. Men of my ilk hear again and again of how some serious-minded book lover reads a biography by Ludwig, and a critical essay by T. S. Eliot, and a mystery story by Wallace with equal cheer and appreciation. Naturally then we long for that rare soul who realizes that many paintings are made for many publics, who knows that what greatly counts in all the varied efforts of art is whether these efforts succeed or fail in their own chosen spheres.

Moreover because of Mr. Lehman's urbane pleasure in many forms of visual delight, he ventured beyond the confines of contemporary work. Into the Lehman apartment came paintings by men of other epochs, which to his amused joy went well with the careful composition of such a Belgian as De Saedleer, or the colorful brilliancy of such an American as Glackens. To Mr. Lehman a "collection" shook off the shackles of quotation marks. His collection refused to become a rehearsal of either stereotyped old masters, or convoluted latter-day eccentrics selected by hired taste. He bought paintings in the spirit of a child who picks up shells and colored pebbles on a beach. He collected the objects that delighted his own personal eyes, because he himself liked to look.

Many of the jurors who awarded the Lehman prizes came from across the

Atlantic. Each year I took them for tea to the New York house of Mrs. Henry Havemeyer. Each year as that dear old lady showed us through her home she told us tales of how she and her husband had found this Rembrandt or that El Greco or this Manet or that Courbet as they wandered here and there across Europe. The Havemeyer Collection now hangs in the first museum of our land, New York's Metropolitan, a memorial to personal taste and the enthusiasm of wealth for visual esthetics. Mr. Lehman had only started on this same road when death cut him off.

An industrialist, a philanthropist, a lover of the sensuous in the highest meaning of the word, is missing from the life of Pittsburgh. Other friends will testify to Albert C. Lehman's inspiring qualities in other lines of endeavor. I am privileged to speak of his clear-sighted enthusiasm and understanding support of art.

[From December 17 through February 2 an exhibition of twenty-four paintings and two bronzes selected from the Albert C. Lehman Collection will be presented in the galleries of the Carnegie Institute.]

THE POPULAR PRIZE FOR 1935

Frederick Waugh Wins in Two Successive Years

By a plurality so great as to leave no doubt as to their wishes, the visitors to the 1935 International named "Ante Meridian" by Frederick J. Waugh as the popular prize painting. It was more than an ordinary victory, for Mr. Waugh by the vote he received was returned, as it were, to office, his painting "Tropical Seas" having won the popular prize in 1934.

There was a forecast of the result, which proved to be as accurate as a Literary Digest poll, when the painting "Ante Meridian" was brought to the stage of Music Hall during a lecture on the International by Dudley Crafts Watson. The spontaneous applause, an unusual occurrence at an art lecture, which greeted the appearance of the painting, left little doubt as to how the visitors to the International would vote.

The painting is a companion piece to "Post Meridian," which was given the Edwin Palmer Prize of \$500 in the National Academy Exhibition last March. The scene in "Ante Meridian" is a rock-bound bay into which the sea at high noon is rushing with intense fury. The sun is playing across the distant cliff to the other shore in the lower foreground, and is transforming the

green water into a whitish foam as the waves rise to great heights on the rebound from the rocky coast. The canvas is pleasing in colors of white, green, and brown, and the design is simple but adequate. It recalls at once the whole drama of the sea.

Frederick Waugh is now in his seventy-fourth year. He lives and paints at Provincetown, Massachusetts. It is along the coast of the Bay State that he finds the subjects for his marines. He was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, and received his art training at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Julien Academy in Paris. He was made an associate of the National Academy in 1909, and a national academician in 1911. He is represented at the Metropolitan Museum, the National Gallery in Washington, the Art Institute of Chicago, and in a number of other important galleries. Mr. Waugh's paintings are very familiar to Pittsburghers, for he has been represented in practically all the Internationals since 1918.

Shortly before the close of the popular prize voting, Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts, received a letter from Mr. Waugh, which is reprinted here with the permission of the writer.



ANTE MERIDIAN

BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH



LENIN IN SMOLNY

BY ISAAK BRODSKY

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THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

It is quoted because it gives an interesting insight into the thoughts and outlook of this veteran marine painter, and because it expresses so well his philosophy of art.

"Although I paint, as a rule, in the academic school, yet I am delighted with much of the modern work. Where it is sincere, it touches a side of art very big and fine. The simplicity with which it is done gets me. These artists don't bother with fussy details, as I do in my sea pictures. Somehow, though, I don't seem to use large spaces. You may not know it, but I have a hobby of painting fantastic decorative work, not always modern, yet some of it is. It goes somewhat into the abstract. Having two studios, I keep this work separate from the sea painting. I find it a great rest and relaxation to go from one to the other. I would advise all who become bored with their own work to formulate one or more hobbies.

"As I have just told Erwin Barrie in a letter, I am still partial to Burne-Jones, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Bastien-Lepage, and often get out one especial picture painted by me in Gréz sur Loen in France in 1884. Somehow that picture fills a need in my nature. It may be old hat, but what of it? The museums are packed full of old hats. Yet how they are loved!

"I find that to paint the sea in a modernistic way, something is lacking. Just because in this case, subject counts. The sea to my way of thinking should look like the sea. It has not much decorative design to take hold of otherwise unless there is human interest attached.

"Personally, my own liking is for purely decorative design, running into the abstract. I claim painting has qualities like music, if one goes after them—a thing in itself not in existence before it is painted into existence.

"So I have to do two or three things to keep freshened up. It's a queer world."

The painting which ran second in the voting was "Nude" by Alessandro Pomi, who won the popular prize in

1931 with his canvas "Susanna." The artist is a young Italian painter who has exhibited in Carnegie Internationals since 1923. He is a pupil of Ettore Tito, and is represented in all the most important shows of his native land. There is an unusual charm and spontaneity about his paintings. His figures are beautifully posed and he makes skillful use of lights and shadows.

Isaak Brodsky, with his "Lenin in Smolny," took third place in the voting. This painter was exhibiting for the first time in the International with a portrait of the Soviet leader done in an exceedingly sympathetic manner.

The closest competitors of these paintings, in the order of their preference, were "Lamorna Birch and His Daughters" by Dame Laura Knight, "Young Artist" by Roy Hilton, "State Dining Room" by L. Campbell Taylor, "Peter and His Cat" by Georgina Klitgaard, "Winter Evening" by Otto Dix, "Morning on the Cape" by Leon Kroll, and "An Arrangement of Cannas" by Johanna K. W. Hailman.

The ballots were counted by Philip Elliott, Reed McRoberts, and Dr. Howard H. Permar.

J. O'C. J.R.

FREE LECTURES

[Illustrated]

MUSEUM

LECTURE HALL

DECEMBER

22—"Dream Pictures of Present-Day Japan," by Branson DeCou, pictorialist and traveler. 2:15 P.M.
29—"The Camp of Brings-Down-the-Sun" by Walter McClintock, Research Fellow of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. 2:15 P.M.

JANUARY

2—"Motoring through the Wonderland of Mexico," by James C. Sawders, explorer and scientist. 8:15 P.M.
5—"Tropical Brazil," by Major Sawders. 2:15 P.M.
12—"Collecting Birds in the Big Bend Country—the Mountains of Western Texas," by George Miksch Sutton, Curator of Birds, Cornell University. 2:15 P.M.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



THE first gift for this month comes from the Carnegie Corporation of New York—an appropriation of \$12,000 for the continuance of the research work in metallurgy which for several years past has been conducted at the Carnegie Institute of Technology under the direction of Dr. Robert F. Mehl, head of that department. A very high authority on the subject, whose name, necessarily undisclosed here, is a shining planet in the world of science, has just written this comment: "The work in metallurgical research which you are doing at the Carnegie Institute of Technology represents the leadership in this country." That recalls the famous phrase from Thomas Morton's play, "A Cure for the Heartache," where in the grandiose speech of that day it is said: "Approval from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." The consciousness of leadership in this important field of metallurgical science is something that brings strength with it; and this generous gift of money will be applied to Dr. Mehl's progressive program with that confidence which must always accompany pioneer work in any branch of instruction or research.

The repetitions which occur in writing the record of the fruitage of the Garden of Gold must, as we can easily infer, be sometimes a tedious matter to our readers. Yet we believe that it is the appealing power of these repetitions that keeps the stream of benevolence constantly flowing hitherward. Whenever we have said, this month, that our financial needs are thus and so, lo! in the next month's discussion with our readers, those needs have been mitigated, and we have moved visibly nearer to the imperative goal.

The goal for the Carnegie Institute is \$8,000. When that much money is sent in, we shall have raised in all the sum of \$350,000, and the Carnegie Corporation

of New York will then match it with another \$350,000; so that every dollar given by our friends for this endowment account is really two dollars, and those who will give us this small remaining shortage of \$8,000 will in effect be giving \$16,000. It is literally true that he gives twice who gives quickly.

For the Carnegie Institute of Technology we are obligated to raise \$4,000,000 by July 1, 1946, in order to receive from the Corporation \$8,000,000, adding \$12,000,000 to our reservoir of endowment, with a new income of \$600,000 forever.

In this transaction he gives thrice who gives quickly. For example, we have already raised \$500,000 on our \$4,000,000, and the \$500,000 immediately becomes three times that much, or \$1,500,000. A gift of \$100,000 would thus at once become \$300,000—and so on. On more than one occasion we have been told of bequests in the wills of benevolent persons who have kept this enterprise in their hearts. We hope that more wills—many wills—will provide for similar gifts looking toward the enrichment of the youth of this land through the power of education. The hope of America rests upon that conclusion.

Why? Because it is only through education that a democracy can maintain its rights and preserve its ideals. The total output of graduates in all the higher institutions of learning in the United States each year is about 500,000—men and women combined. That is less than one half of one per cent of our population, and it leaves a majority of our people going through life with an average of instruction considerably below the standard of the final year in the high school. These 500,000 graduates constitute the men and women who, because of their education, become the leaders in our civilization. But it is not

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enough. It is true that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole." But in times of depression and despair, the educated are swept to one side, and the ignorant, always the prey of forceful demagogues, are inspired to enormities of policy and of action which threaten the foundations of life.

This body of 500,000 annual graduates could easily be doubled through the reasonable expansion of the existing educational system; but that expansion can be reached only by a continuance of the rich gifts which, in the main, have already created the colleges and universities of America, among which the Carnegie Institute of Technology occupies an exalted position of noble service.

When this latest \$12,000 is added to the \$1,753,086.71 reported in the November Magazine, the total of money gifts acknowledged in the past eight years and a half becomes \$1,765,086.71.

YOUNG VISITORS

DURING the month of November almost nine thousand boys and girls of school age visited the Carnegie Institute and received supervised instruction in specific subjects in art appreciation or natural history study or both.

A large number of these thousands come to the Institute as a part of their regular eighth-grade work in the city schools. Many others of all ages from beyond the city and county limits come independently to become familiar with the general educational resources of the halls and galleries.

Besides the many regular classes, special groups meet at appointed times. In the Saturday morning drawing class for children of recommended ability the average attendance during November was 725. On the Saturday preceding Andrew Carnegie's hundredth birthday the class for the first time drew from a living figure. Appropriately enough, the model wore the costume of a Highland lassie. Further honoring Mr. Carnegie on that occasion the two groups

chose names by which they are to be known hereafter—the older group, which is soon to advance to the use of paints, to be called "The Palette"; the younger group, which works with crayon, to be called "The Carnegie Tam o' Shanters."

At the Saturday afternoon moving-picture programs on science and travel almost five hundred children took advantage of the opportunity each week.

GIFT OF COSTUMES TO THE LITTLE THEATER

THE Department of Drama of the Carnegie Institute of Technology has been delighted to receive recently four sets of gifts which will extend the resources of the costume collection of the Carnegie Little Theater.

Mrs. J. D. Tilford and Mrs. A. G. Pendleton, of Pittsburgh, have given some choice gowns, laces, fans, and other material.

The Honorable Joseph F. Guffey, of Washington, has presented several silk hats of the style once called stovepipe and already become quaint in prints.

Mrs. John Joy Edson, of Sewickley, has contributed two elaborately carved and colored masks unusual in form and probably once used as a portal decoration.

Miss Cora Thompson, now resident in Florida, has transmitted several silk brocade, satin, and taffeta dresses for use in period plays.

Mrs. Arthur A. Hamerschlag, now of Akron, Ohio, has given a set of valuable books to the drama section of the College of Fine Arts Library.

If future generations are to have that high regard for the achievements of the human mind which is essential to civilization, there must be a true reverence for learning in the community. It is not sufficient to train investigators and scholars, no matter how brilliant they may be; a large body of influential citizens must have a passionate interest in the growth of human knowledge.

—JAMES BRYANT CONANT

AN UNDERSEA GARDEN

A Group of Sea Anemones in the Hall of Recent Invertebrates

THE first experiment in the exhibition of undersea life in the Carnegie Museum was brought about through the skill and imagination of two artists; one an expert in the manipulation and fashioning of objects from glass, the other a painter in many media. So has come into existence a small portion of the sea, beautiful and dramatic in its wealth of color and natural splendor. A reproduction of the group in color appears on the cover of the Magazine.

Frank Long created in wax and in glass the sea life, and Ottmar von Fuehrer built and painted the marine habitat, combining their talents to produce these under-water jewels, a picture from the tidal shallows of the Bay of Naples.

When in 1884 Dr. Angelo Andres, the eminent authority, wrote and illustrated his voluminous work on this area, he little dreamed perhaps that in another land artists, attracted by his descriptions and drawings in color, would some day make replicas of the same animals and place them in a painted and modeled environment with verisimilitude and lifelike accuracy. This display, the first one to take us on a tour of a submarine landscape, is but the beginning. Since this initial group has been so successful in its portrayal, other groups of like nature will follow. Because of

the extreme complexity of construction, very few museums present such groups for the public.

The sea anemone, which as late as the eighteenth century was still believed to be a plant, belongs to the clan of the jellyfish. It is related to the floating, umbrella-shaped jellyfish that most of us know by sight, but it has a closer affinity with the creatures that form the coral rocks of our southern seas. The anemone, like the coral animal, is more or less fixed. Locomotion is possible, however, and may take place by means of a creeping motion of the basal disk with which it applies itself to the substratum. Again, it may release its multiple holds and be tumbled about by the waves, attaching itself later in some new locality as chance directs.

Anemones are exceedingly voracious and eat nearly everything that comes within their grasp. An English author writes that he once tested their greediness by feeding a specimen his door key. This indigestible object was ejected from its stomach cavity only after effort at assimilation had lasted forty-eight hours.

They capture their prey by using their highly irritable tentacles. These are charged with stinging cells which function in much the same manner as a hypodermic needle. The victim may be stupefied by contact



FIG. 1. DROOPING ANEMONES

Several large ones, all of the same variety but differing in color and in the ever changing arrangement of their glistening arms.

with these cells or it may be killed outright. Once imprisoned there is no escape. The food is transferred to the mouth by the tentacles and by the action of smaller thread-like organs so delicate that it was impossible to show them in the models. From the mouth it goes through a short gullet into the stomach cavity where it is digested, and any indigestible food is cast out through the mouth. The tentacles, as well as the entire body, can be greatly expanded or contracted. In appearance these sensitive and alert tentacles look not unlike a fantastic bunch of animated spaghetti (See Figure 1), while others might more readily be compared to the petals of a flower, which blossom slowly into a great whorl. The anemone remains in "full bloom" as long as it is in a state of activity. Disturbed or frightened, however, it shrinks with all speed into a compact ball less than a quarter of its expanded size. (See Figure 2.) Since, so far as we now know, it is practically immune from enemies, the motive for its sudden contraction must be explained rather as a tactile response or reflex than as an answer to fear.

For the most part the anemone leads a very monotonous and sedentary life, except for an occasional daring adventure. There is a sea crab that acts as host to the anemone by carrying it on its back. In seeming gratitude for its transportation the anemone willingly uses its stinging tentacles in defense of the crab, which returns the favor by feeding its picturesque top-deck passenger. Still another crab carries an anemone in each pincer—in appearance suggesting a pugilist ready to shove his boxing gloves into any challenger's "face." Thus we find that even the jellyfish in its lowly level plays its

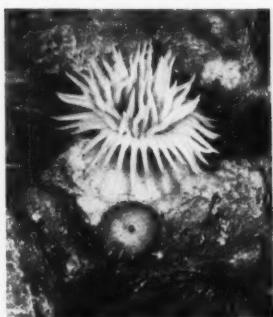


FIG. 2 BROTHER ANEMONES

The "flowering" state denotes the period of activity, closed (below) it is shown in its protective pose.

specific rôle in the fabric and economy of life in the sea.

Reproduction is accomplished by two methods: they may have separate sexes and produce eggs, or they may form colonies by budding. Peculiarly enough, both activities may occur simultaneously within a single animal. The eggs hatch at a very primitive period in their development and the tiny larvae swim about, finally attaching themselves to some mooring

rock where they grow and become a typical anemone body. The other method proceeds from an outgrowing, which emanates from the base of the animal. Here from budlike projections or from a fragmentation of the body in this region miniature anemones are developed. These appear as small but full-fledged anemones and after attaining a certain size, they break away from the parent body to live an independent existence. In botany we have a similar colony process of growth in the hen-and-chicks (*Sempervivum globiferum*).

The graceful anemones—as their descriptive designation would indicate—are truly flowers of the sea. Every temperate ocean shore bears its fauna of anemones. Small ones cling to the plants and sheltered stones, while the conspicuous giant forms of the Pacific and the reefs of Australia spread their great crowns, splashing the somber rocks with color and adding to the multihued seascape of living coral beds. Striped, spotted, or banded, they vary in color from the most delicate pastels of salmon and yellow to the brightest reds and greens. It is our hope that this new group will bring to all of us some of the magic that is Nature's, some of the hidden beauties in the ebb and flow of the sea and the tides of ever changing life.

S. T. B.

PORTRAITS OF ROOMS

Water Colors by Elizabeth Hoopes

By JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

Assistant Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute



ELIZABETH HOOPES has three words for her water colors. She has given them the very intriguing title of "Portraits of Rooms." The term is at once appropriate, expressive, and descriptive. As the portrait of a person should bear the likeness of the sitter and, what is more important, should convey his aura and spirit, so the portrait of a room should naturally give a general impression of it, but what is more essential, it should carry over to the beholder its atmosphere and individuality. Elizabeth Hoopes' water colors do that for the interiors she sketches. They give not only the feeling of the rooms as a whole but of the objects in them.

When a room is Victorian as in the "Parlor" or "Fireplace" of the Gardiner Homestead, her general treatment, the emphasis on certain pieces of furniture, the arrangement of objects, and especially the technique are all pointed to secure the desired result. On the other hand, in the water color "Office of William Odom" the simplicity of the setting, the dignity of the room, and the exact use of the medium are stressed to obtain a different effect. Naturally and properly for the artist, the end justifies the means. Over and above the definite design of the room she succeeds in capturing within her interiors the softness of carpets and rugs, the pattern of wall covering, the gleam of glass and porcelains, the glint of silver, the sheen of window coverings, the vibrant color

of hangings, and the polished surfaces of furniture.

In most of the water colors the artist presents only a corner of a room or a significant grouping of pieces of furniture, yet she indicates, through the inclusion of a portion of a window or door or the position of a table or davenport, the length, breadth, and height of the room, and whether it is large and formal or small and cozy. By the device of mirrors, used so effectively by Orpen and Lavery in paintings, she is enabled to present portions of the interior which would otherwise be lost to the spectator. A notable instance of this is in "Dining Room, Cosmopolitan Club," in which practically the entire room—a very imposing and distinguished one—is reflected in a large paneled wall mirror. Again, by the use of the re-



DRAWING ROOM
Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lee L. Chandler
Pittsburgh



DRAWING ROOM

Residence of Mr. and Mrs. James B. McDonnell, Southampton, Long Island

lection in the mirror, and the unusual angle from which the artist observed, the water color which bears the title "Drawing Room of Mrs. Arthur Peck Jr." indicates the imposing height, dignity, and modern treatment of this interior. Water colors of aristocratic rooms are often very studied, hard, and stylized, but Miss Hoopes by her entire pattern, by her careful selection of objects and the arrangement of, for instance, Venetian blinds, or flowers, or a piece of furniture, or the very turn of a chair animates the room and makes it livable.

It is a truism that rooms have personality, otherwise they fail of their inmost purpose. No matter what architect has designed them, or what interior decorator furnished them, whether they are Empire, Victorian or Modern, they should still reflect their owners. There are no figures in Miss Hoopes' rooms but she so vitalizes them that the spectator is able to people them out of his imagination.

In addition to the portraits of rooms there are a few exteriors and landscapes which give some idea of Miss Hoopes'

ability as a water colorist when she departs from her favorite interiors. In these, such as "Gardiner Homestead," "Ruins of Barboursville, Virginia," "Rose Garden—Estate of E. S. Burke Jr.," she uses her medium with much more freedom than in her room portraits. The lawn of the Gardiner homestead, on which she has sketchily indicated the iron

fountain, iron dog, and iron deer, prepares one for the fussy "Victorian Parlor" and "Fireplace." The "Rose Garden—Estate of E. S. Burke Jr." has the charm which is associated with a small, intimate green lawn bordered with flowers and with ornaments appropriately placed to carry out the decorative scheme. Here again the technique employed intensifies the very essence of the impression the artist is eager to convey.

Elizabeth Hoopes was born in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, not so many years ago, although her latest work gives the impression of a very mature artist. She went to Smith College for a time, but withdrew to study commercial art and advertising. She attended the New York School of Fine and Applied Art for eighteen months, and then transferred to the Paris studio of that school, where she completed her course. On her return to the United States in 1929, she took a position with an advertising firm, from which she obtained valuable experience for her profession. The summer of 1929 found her back in Paris, teaching in the school where she had studied. She remained for four years,



PATIO

Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Hunt, Pittsburgh

during which time she did water-color painting with her students in various palaces and museums in France and in Italy. Her interest in painting interiors in Europe led her to come back to the United States and to attempt the same thing with American homes. She was commissioned by the firm of McMillen to paint twenty-four water colors of rooms which they had decorated. Most of these are in the present exhibition. Since then, she has painted room portraits for both decorators and for people who want pictures of their homes. These include "Drawing Room" and "Dining Room"—Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lee L. Chandler, "Patio"—Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Hunt, "Matisse Room," "Dining Room"—Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lewisohn, and "Penthouse Terrace"—Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Baker. It is in these that she is particularly free from the restraint of exact portraiture, and that, accordingly,

her technique became more spontaneous. She has exhibited with the New York Water Color Society and showed four paintings last summer at the Stockbridge Art Exhibition. One of these, currently displayed, "Victorian Parlor"—Gardiner Homestead, received an honorable mention.

Miss Hoopes has an excellent command of her medium. While water color lends itself best to large masses of color, she is able to use it effectively for small spaces. Her colors are clear, brilliant, and living. With a little twist of her brush and a small color note she conveys a very vivid impression of a porcelain figure or a precious bit of china. Her drawing is free and done with facility. Her water colors have a personal note and distinction, and a keen understanding and sympathy for her subjects, even though they be inanimate, for to her they have personality.

The exhibition opened on December 12 and will close on January 26.

OTHER LANDS, OTHER CREEDS

The Amida Buddha in the H. J. Heinz Collection

IN the Heinz Gallery of the Carnegie Institute devoted to the display of the carver's skill minutely applied to subjects minutely conceived, there sits in startling contrast one figure of dominating proportion—a Buddha. It is the great deity of contemplation in oversize carved by a Japanese sculptor in wood, the surface of which was first lacquered and then gilded. In its present state much of the gilt, first applied some four centuries ago, has worn off, revealing the black undercoat.

For those of us whose familiarity with the figure of Buddha has been confined to photographs it is interesting to observe and interpret in three-dimensional form this omnipotent prophet of the Far East. If one can read the symbolism of this widespread faith, the details of this statue will yield many truths upon which the Buddhist religion bases its teachings.

A whole chapter could be told about the ever-present lotus lily which forms the pedestal for the seated god. This emblem of Nirvana—beautific enfranchisement or annihilation of personality in a higher communion of life—is an inheritance transmitted from Brahmanism, the source of Buddhism. As Brahma, full-formed, miraculously sprang from this pure blossom, so Buddha later revealed himself in a flame issuing from the lotus, thereby proving the divinity of his birth. Out of the stagnant mud and unclean water the lotus emerges to flower into a lily of unsullied perfection; even as the human soul, nurtured in the depravity of the earthly body, can attain inviolable beauty and future release. So enlightenment dispels the darkness of illusion and the fallacy of separate individuality. Thus comfortingly speaks the lotus to the Buddha believer.

The whorl of petals signifies the

wheel of life—each petal a spoke—denoting the perpetual cycles of existence, the underlying Buddhist principle. The sacred eight is preserved in the petals in multiples of that number and signifies the eightfold way of life—right belief, right resolve, right word, right act, right life, right effort, right thinking, and right meditation.

Forming a shade for Buddha there rises behind him a concave shield, in reality a much enlarged leaf of the bo-pippal tree, the *Ficus religiosa* or sacred Indian fig, inseparably associated with the origins of Buddhism. It was beneath the bo tree six centuries before Christ that the Hindu sage, Gautama Siddhartha, received at Gaya, the Hindu Mecca in Bengal, the Celestial light. Because of his enlightenment and wisdom his followers gave him the name of Buddha, derived from the Sanskrit "buddh" meaning to awake or to know. On the surface of the bo leaf is the halo outlining Buddha's head typifying the circle of the cosmos, unending in its weary series of revolutions. Within the halo the eight-petaled lotus in flat-relief sculpture reappears.

Buddha has been revealed in almost as many states of countenance and position—standing, sitting, recumbent—as he has been assigned virtues. And each guise has its individual religious significance to the informed beholder. The Buddha in the Heinz Gallery is known in Japan as the Amida, the Great Illuminator, from the Sanskrit word for infinite light and life "Amitabha." The roots of Amida worship, in no wise a conception imported from the Buddhist source in India but indigenous to Japan, can be traced vaguely as far back as the second century. By the tenth century its undercurrent existence was so entrenched that its complete and open acceptance was only a matter of



JAPANESE BUDDHA OF THE EARLY ASHIKAGA PERIOD (1338-1573 A.D.)
Gift of the Late H. J. Heinz

time. This point in the development of the worship was achieved with the arrival of the Ashikaga period in the middle of the twelfth century—a period in Japanese art characterized by a softening of curves and, for the first time, a humanizing of portrayal. The notable development in the art of portraiture marked by this humanization becomes the more impressive when one bears in mind that it had been only a few centuries since native sculptors had had the audacity to carve their great god in human likeness at all.

The Amida, today the most influential interpretation and the one accepted by the Shin Shu, the most progressive of all Buddhist sects, embodied this modified attitude toward the Buddha concept. The Ashikaga tenderness, so alien to the earlier viewpoint, might be said to signify the transition from the god of penance to the god of mercy and sounded the modern approach—the new romanticism—to Japanese art.

Of all the reasons why we should recognize the Buddha in the Carnegie Institute, however, perhaps the most important is the fact that it is copied in much reduced size after the famous colossal Buddha—the Daibutsu, at Kamakura. The Daibutsu is as well known and as frequently pointed out as our Statue of Liberty. And similarly enough it also is by the sea. In the Middle Ages Kamakura was a flourishingly rich city of nearly a million, the capital of Eastern Japan and the seat of the unscrupulous but art-loving shogun (military governor) Yoritomo. It had long been Yoritomo's wish that his city might have a statue of Buddha to rival the eighth-century colossus in the Tōdai-ji of Nara, a seated figure fifty-three feet high in bronze, and weighing more than 550 tons, the most amazing feat of casting ever known.

Strangely enough, the great warrior's desire was not accomplished during his lifetime, for in his mighty office of Sei-i-tai-shogun he possessed unbelievable power—so extensive indeed that his mandate direct from the emperor

was unlimited either by time or by place. So relentlessly did he cultivate the militaristic side of Japan, at the same time suppressing the court and the priesthood, that seven succeeding centuries bowed to the precedent he set.

Minamoto Yoritomo had been dead half a century when the Buddha at Kamakura was erected (1252?). Although it was slightly smaller than the Buddha at Nara, it was immediately recognized as much finer artistically. An accurate conception of its heroic size can be gained by comparing it with the Statue of Liberty, which is 114 feet from heel to finger tip; and although it is a little more than twice the height of the Kamakura Daibutsu, it is of the same gigantic proportions relatively, since the Liberty figure is erect and the Buddha is seated. Today Kamakura, once a bustling military center, is but a seaside village, quite dwarfed by modern Yokohama, and the Great Buddha has been pounded by many a tidal wave.

Observe the serenity of the face with its enigmatic smile so aptly described by the Japanese as an "expression in suppression." The crossed legs, an excruciating physical position, and the hands on the lap with palms upward and thumbs meeting—all these characterize the age-old attitude of contemplation. The narrowed eyes increase the inscrutability of the countenance and are meant to suggest not repose but alertness of concentration. Sir Edwin Arnold in the Indian classic, "The Song Celestial," describes it thus:

The soul which is not moved,
The soul which with a strong and constant calm
Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
Lives in the life undying.

It is not difficult to appreciate the title—the Great God of Self-Control—when one gazes on his passionless calm, and it may help to account for much of the admirable quality of the Spartan which through long centuries of reinforcement marks the twentieth-century men of Nippon.

E. R. A.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of Cyril Campion's "Ladies in Waiting"

By HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



It can never be said that the gentlemen who direct the Department of Drama are not catholic in their tastes. Like that touring company who long ago played a one-night stand at Elsinore, they can give us "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible or poem unlimited"! Thus, after October's "Antony and Cleopatra" by William Shakespeare, we had "Ladies in Waiting" by Cyril Campion, who has little in common with his namesake, Shakespeare's great lyric contemporary.

For "Ladies in Waiting" is a "detective drama" and makes no pretense of being anything else. It is not even a very good example of that genre. I feel that the great masters of the craft, like Agatha Christie or S. S. Van Dine, would think poorly of it; nor has it anything in common with "The Thin Man." But it was pretty good fun, and the first night's audience evidently liked it, and gasped and squealed and did all the things that a well-trained audience is supposed to do at a detective play.

It was not, I think, the inherent merits of "Ladies in Waiting" which led to its choice for performance, but the fact that all its characters are women. The men students had a chance to show what they could do in "Antony and Cleopatra"—Shakespeare being notoriously stingy in the matter of good

parts for women—and it was now the turn of the ladies to show their prowess.

As for the plot, we had the usual house party, the usual guests, each one with something to conceal, a character or two to supply comic relief, which the audience knows it may count on when guessing the murderer, it being agreed by writers of detective fiction that no comic personage can under any circumstances be a criminal. The hostess is the amiable but scatter-brained Lady Evelyn Spate, whose niece Una Verity is to be married next day to an eligible young man who never appears. In the house party are also Phil and Pat Blakeney—ladies both despite their names—who are to be Una's bridesmaids; Janet Garner, a mysterious and psychic lady in trailing black who roams around prophesying disaster, sees visions, holds séances, imagines ghostly huntsmen and hounds on the moors, and generally makes everyone uncomfortable. Lady Evelyn's blond and gentle companion, Dora Lester, completes the party upstairs; downstairs there are Maud, the maid and Mrs. Dawson, the cook. They, like Mrs. Garner, have let the moors get into their system, and there is much talk of spells and spooks—called "bogarts" in Yorkshire, as far as I could make out. Maud and Cook at once establish themselves as comedy relief.

Well—Una's pearls disappear and Lady Evelyn sends to London for a detective and very soon, instead of the Sherlock we are expecting, appears a young and handsome brunette, appropriately named Pamela Dark, and then the fun begins. Pamela discovers very astutely that Una is threatened and that someone will make an attempt on

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her life that night. She begins to look for possible motives. Phil has once been in love with the bridegroom, Pat has lost more money at bridge than she can afford, Mrs. Garner normally behaves so strangely that she might be suspected of almost anything. Someone's back view has been seen by Cook reflected in the mirror in Una's room trying on her wedding veil, and Cook says that that someone has a mole on her left shoulder.

The final scene takes place in Una's bedroom—one of those thickly populated rooms which are so common on the stage and have so few counterparts in real life. Cook and Maud pronounce incantations in broad Yorkshire over their mistress' bed. Miss Dark rummages through closets and drawers and discovers Una's wedding veil and, clinging to it, a hair which is not the owner's. Mrs. Garner suggests a séance. All the lights are extinguished while Mrs. Garner in a trance invokes the aid of the Beyond. But before the Beyond has been very helpful, the energetic murderer makes a grab at the unfortunate Una. The lights go up and we are just as wise as we were before. Una goes to sleep and awakes shrieking with the impression that hands are at her throat. They are not—not this time.

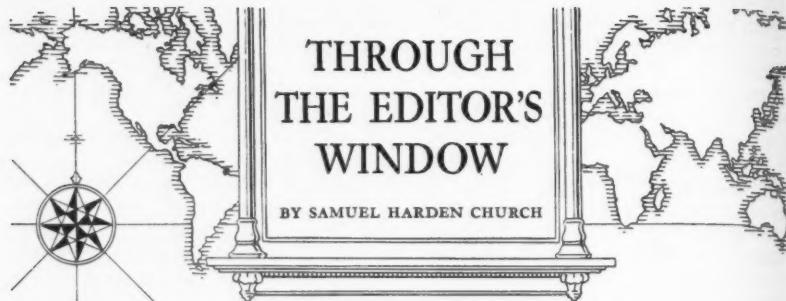
She falls asleep again. It is a high recommendation for the salubrity of the Yorkshire moors that the heroine can fall asleep so frequently under such trying circumstances. Then—but I am not going to be so unethical as to tell what happens then. Enough to say that the murderer is unmasked in the nick of time by the resourceful Pamela, and that you will never guess who she is unless you happen to be a habitual reader of detective stories. If you are, you will—quite early in the proceedings too.

The performance of "Ladies in Waiting" was excellent. Chester Wallace, who directed it, got every bit of excitement that was in the play out of it—and perhaps a little more. His swift tempo masked the absurdity of the plot and the cast lent valuable aid.

The actress who played the psychic Mrs. Garner succeeded admirably in giving one the "creeps," and acted with an intensity which made me curious to see her in a more real part. She used—or perhaps has—a slight foreign accent which detracted a little from the realism. The sturdy old Yorkshire cook was an excellent bit of characterization, and the lady-detective was played frankly and with a very pleasant voice. Indeed it was a good performance all round.



SCENE FROM "LADIES IN WAITING"—STUDENT PLAYERS



THE STUDENT PEACE MOVEMENT

ON November 9 there were twenty thousand students in New York City who met in their college halls and adopted resolutions protesting against war—and did so with nothing worse than disapproving frowns from their official superiors. This shows a great gain over the intolerance with which the student movement for peace was treated by college authorities a year ago when in some of these institutions those who participated in it were punished by suspension, and in one case by expulsion.

When the World War ended, it was euphemistically and sentimentally yclept "The War to End War." The grave gentlemen who sat around the table at Versailles enunciated a set of sanctions which would make another war impossible. Since that time, however, we have had a war in South America, another in China, and now we have this one in Abyssinia. In the meantime, Germany has armed herself to the teeth, chilling France to the bone, Italy is harboring the malignant destruction of London, and all Europe, in fact, has made itself, once more, an armed camp.

In Heaven's name, then, let our students have access to every campus and platform to go on with their declarations for peace. Let them shout it out from all the vine-clad towers of their schools that America will never fight again! There is not a question on the agenda of any foreign office in the world

today that cannot be solved by arbitration, by conciliation, or by compromise, and solved without the loss of honor. Yet the chancellors of Europe are pursuing their threatening ways, ready to explode the world at the first spark of fire. And those chancellors cannot take the first step toward that frightful conflict without compassing the death or the maiming of the young men who are now so courageously choosing civilized peace in place of barbaric war. Let the students go on, unhampered by arrogant tutors. Here at our Carnegie Institute of Technology they were accorded every needful facility in pursuing their meetings, being given a hall and the assurance of approbation. Let it be so throughout the world, and the lord chancellors will cease their verbal thunders. Let us keep our nation armed always against invasion, highly resolving that for no cause whatever will we ever make the first attack.

LET'S TAX THE POLITICIANS

THE new Social Security Act provides for a general tax upon practically everybody in the nation except the politicians. The law has been cunningly drawn to exempt from the tax "service performed in the employ of a State, a political subdivision thereof, or an instrumentality of one or more States or political subdivisions." The original income-tax law makes precisely the same exemptions. From the

President down to the lowest grade of public service not one officeholder pays a tax on his salary. And just here we find the secret of the "soak the rich" crusade. If the senators and representatives in Congress were required to pay their shares of the taxes assessed and spent in the conduct of the Government, there would be a speedy diminution in the political extravagance which is surely drying up the fountains of wealth in America.

This is one of the things that we are setting down on our list of platform principles for the next national conventions: Tax every politician in the land, high and low, according to his income, putting an end to the inexcusable and iniquitous folly of permitting him to enjoy the citizenship of America without paying for it.

ISAIAH—AND THE NEW DEAL

MANY centuries ago they experimented with New Deals in the Land of Canaan, and the nation came to immediate grief. Isaiah was the prophet who first saw the destructive results of a policy of scarcity, and he applied his wisdom to the overthrow of the evil counselors who had brought on so much confusion for the people. And he spake thus unto Israel:

"Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate. . . . Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast labored: But they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord; and they that have brought it together shall drink it."

Yet we have, in these past few months, bought \$100,000,000 worth of corn from "strangers" in foreign countries, because the common American man has been made the Forsaken, and his land has been made the Desolate.

Where is that Isaiah of today who can restore order to a disordered house, who can make the fertile but despised land

once more overflow with milk and honey, and put our people once again on a "first-class diet" from their own natural resources? O Isaiah, our people are waiting for you!

MUSSOLINI AND MACBETH

How true it is that our better selves confront and plague us when we stray from the rectitude of conscience! Macbeth was a man of honest courage and gentle mind until ambition overthrew his soul, and then, amidst the horrors of the situation which he himself had created, he uttered these despairing words:

I am in blood
Steep'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er!

In his Ethiopian adventure Mr. Mussolini stands pretty close in circumstance to Macbeth. In his desire to conquer and possess an uninhabitable terrain he has wagered the whole chivalry of his country, and already the angel of death has marked the doors of Italy with mourning for the first-born. For him "returning were as tedious as go o'er." He is caught in the meshes of his own net, and when night brings its soothing sleep to the innocent, he is kept awake by the malignant laughter of those witches of fate who have led him to his moral destruction.

Is Mussolini indeed transformed from moral good to moral evil? Let us search his record for the evidence. In 1913, when Italy was setting about the conquest of Tripoli, Mussolini, then a sincere though humble citizen, wrote and signed an article which was published in his newspaper, "Avanti," on January 21 of that year. It reads as follows:

Here then we are confronted by an Italy, nationalist, conservative, clerical, which claims to make the sword its law, and the army the school of the nation. We had foreseen this moral perversion and, for that reason, are not surprised by it. But those who think that this preponderance of militarism is a sign of strength are mightily mistaken. Strong peoples have no need to give themselves up to such a stupid orgy as that

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in which the Italian press is now letting itself go with mad exaltation. Strong peoples have some sense of measure. Italy, nationalist and militarist, shows that it lacks this sense. . . . Thus it comes almost that a miserable war of conquest is acclaimed as if it were a Roman triumph.

With such a scorching and eloquent indictment of fruitless war from the real Mussolini, how can we resist making the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober? The Mussolini of 1913 was the man who was capable of restoring Italy to an intellectual world conquest which would have rivaled the glories of her Renaissance. All the nations would have acclaimed him as the savior of his country. Peace would have reigned within her walls, prosperity within her palaces. Life would have been protected and secure. The wives and mothers of Italy would have called him blessed, and all men would have given him praise and honor. But now, his campaign has stopped where he can neither go forward to victory nor retreat to safety; and with the world impeaching his designs, he stands alone, in the fury of despair threatening to strike at the fifty-two nations who have condemned him.

GLADSTONE DEFINES A RADICAL

Gladstone, at a State dinner during his campaign for Irish Home Rule, was asked by a lady seated beside him to explain the difference between the British political parties. He replied as follows: "Conservatism: distrust of the people, tempered by fear.

"Liberalism: trust of the people, tempered by prudence."

Hesitatingly, she said: "But, Mr. Gladstone, I see that the papers call you a Radical; what is a Radical?"

"Madam," he replied, "a Radical is a Liberal—in earnest."

It is the country that has the courage to scrap its army most completely which may come nearest to winning in the next great war.

—H. G. WELLS

I consider that the time of the old-fashioned diplomat is over and that people like myself, who are not careerists, should have an opportunity for settling the affairs of the world.

—CHARLES G. DAWES

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